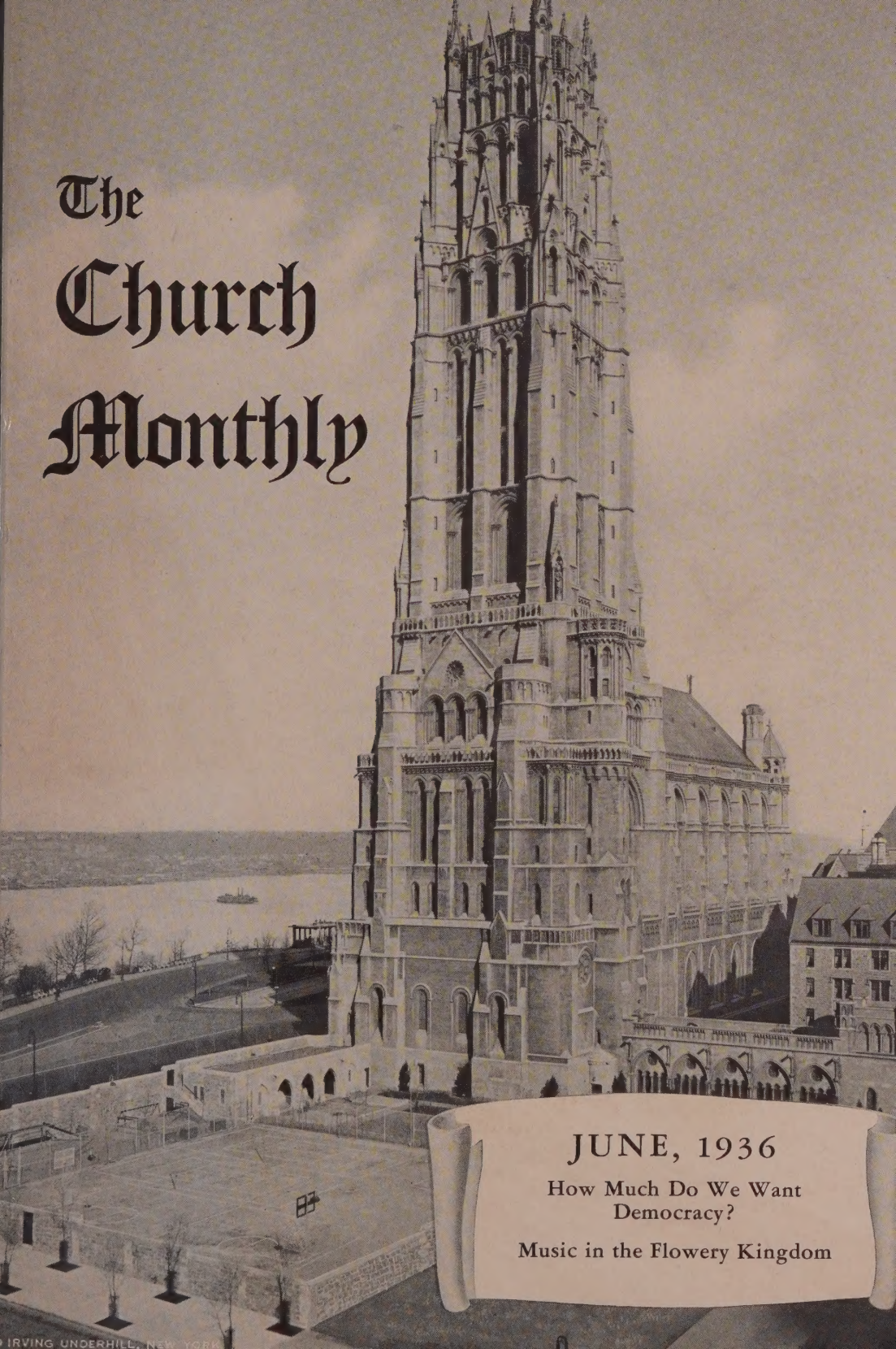
The Church Monthly



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How Much Do We Want Democracy?

Music in the Flowery Kingdom

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CONTENTS

PAGE

How Much Do We Want Democracy?
Sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick 151

Prayer . . . . . *by* Harry Emerson Fosdick 157

Music in the Flowery Kingdom . . . . *by* Everett M. Stowe 158

What Next? . . . . . *by* Grace H. Patton 161

"Tower Talk" 163

An Appreciation 166

The Next Step (An Editorial) 168

ILLUSTRATIONS

Sunday Morning Congregation in the Nave 150

A Chinese Hymn 159

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SUNDAY MORNING CONGREGATION IN THE NAVE

How Much Do We Want Democracy?

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Among the nations of the world today one of the happiest, psychologically speaking, is Russia. Far behind us in material comforts, on which we have staked our efforts, and suffering a degree of penury and hardship which might seem to us intolerable, nevertheless Russia, psychologically speaking, is happy. She thinks she is standing for something that will save the world. She has a consciousness of mission. She sees herself a trustee of an economic order to which the future belongs. She feels the thrill and urgency of a social aim which gives to her national existence a meaning never there before. So Russia is exciting today. Those who go there commonly wish to go back to see what has happened since their last visit. She thinks she is headed somewhere. She is dedicated to something and around that integrating aim she marshals her people as though they were pioneers of the world's hope.

Once America had such a unifying aim. Our leaders saw it clearly, believed in it tenaciously, served it sacrificially, and through the whole body of the citizenry ran at least some apprehension of its meaning. We as a nation had a mission. There had been committed to us a social responsibility, failure in which would betray a trust and leave mankind the poorer. Once it was exciting to be an American for our country was recognized as one of the great experimental grounds on earth, where government of, by, and for the people was being tried out.

Whether for man or nation, no tragedy is worse than to lose aim. When one sees a man who in the pursuit of material goods has lost his spiritual purpose, one sees a ruin. And in the history of nations to see a people eagerly convinced in youth, as were the Greeks, that they had a gift worth preserving and developing for all mankind, pass in maturity through outward conquest and material aggrandizement into successful domination only to lose their purpose and their meaning, is to see a tragedy worse than defeat in war. I fear that for our country. We are confused now by economic trouble; that is true. We are confused by political strife; that is true. But deeper than our political and economic bewilderment is our loss of spiritual aim and so of integrating national meaning. America does not feel, as once she did, that she has been trusted with a social responsibility to fail in which is to fail indeed.

Yet all around us are the ample and obvious reasons why America should regain her consciousness of direction. For I venture that the most important single social task on earth, including in its scope all others, is to make democracy successful: not to make the world out there safe for it—once is enough to try that, at least by war—but in some vast experimental station like this continent to make democracy so successful in what it does for all the people that mankind, seeing its results, will turn to it as to a lodestar of their hope. At a time when so few nations are left to represent democracy, that is so great a responsibility that to reëstablish it in the conscious and intelligent devotion of this country is one of the most

exigent tasks of our time. I appeal for this to my conscience and to yours today. Else how can we, without dishonesty, keep these February birthdays? That would be, as Jesus said, to "build the sepulchres of the prophets, and garnish the tombs of the righteous" while denying the spirit they were of. How much, then, do we care for democracy?

In the first place, do we care enough to rise above current cynicism concerning it? I am not thinking now of foreign antagonists—Lenin, for example, calling the parliamentary democratic state an idol—I am thinking of the disillusionment about popular government among ourselves. Consider, say some; democracy began in small areas where everybody knew everybody else and understood for whom and for what he was voting, but when you extend its area to this immense continent, with its complicated problems, democracy breaks down. Look at the history of nations, they say; Egypt always was an empire and Greece was made up of democracies, and for this reason—Egypt was tied together by the River Nile into an immense but unified area which had to be handled imperially but Greece was broken up by her rugged mountain chains into small city states where democratic methods could operate. So, they say, democracy works in small areas where everybody knows everybody else but "dies five miles from the parish pump."

Moreover, say others, government of, by, and for the people is a bungling and ineffective way to get anything done. We cannot run a modern war by democratic methods. When war comes we turn at once to dictatorship. "Armies have triumphed under leaders who possessed no very eminent qualifications," wrote Macaulay; "But what army commanded by a debating club ever escaped discomfiture and disgrace?" Are not the complicated problems of our civilization at least as difficult as war? How can we make democracy work?

Moreover, say others, it is a foolish faith to suppose that common people really are capable of self-government. Intelligence tests are not by a long sea-mile final but they seem to indicate, we are told, that the average mental age of this people is about fourteen years. In simpler and earlier days, with a smaller and very homogeneous population, people might wax enthusiastic about equality at the ballot box and Whittier might grow positively lyric on election day—

> The rich is level with the poor,
> The weak is strong to-day;
> And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
> Than homespun frock of gray.

In view of subsequent experience, however, how many of us feel like bursting into song when we go to the polls, if we go to the polls, and how can we go on trusting the complicated problems of this vast continent to millions of fourteen-year-old children, half of whom do not care enough to vote? So they speak. And yesterday was Washington's birthday!

Now the answer to such criticism is not denial. It is a difficult task to make democracy succeed. Since when has any high task not been difficult? But I ask you, How do you like the alternatives? Look at Russia or Germany or Italy. How do you like the alternatives? When, a few years ago, Mussolini told a reporter of the Associated Press that "the American Government resembles the Fascist State more than any liberal democratic Government of Europe," did our heart beat

with satisfaction because now at last we were escaping from democracy? Upon the contrary, we know, we whose roots are deep in this country's life, that the best and most satisfying elements in our personal, our family, our social experience have been associated with the democratic spirit and ideal. And we know too, beyond a peradventure, that the democratic tradition belongs to this country, that, whatever other nations may do, our destiny lies there; that if that fails in our hands, then we have failed indeed; that our very reason for existence is to make democracy succeed. So history will judge us. So we should judge ourselves. I wish that today this insight and conviction might become central in the thought of every American here, that our country might once more be seen as having spiritual aim and meaning.

In the second place, do we want democracy enough to take in earnest its attitude toward people, toward personality in common folks, whom "God must like," as Lincoln said, "or he would not have made so many of them." Two antagonistic ideas face each other today with regard to a state's relationship to its people. To a Mussolini the state is an altar on which the people should be willing to sacrifice themselves. To a democrat the state is an agency to liberate the people and give to each the largest possible chance. The contrast between those two ideas is deep and irreconcilable. They provide the irrepressible conflict in the world today.

Some one here may have been thinking, Why does this Christian preacher carry into his pulpit on a Sunday a discourse like this instead of presenting the gospel of Christ to our individual souls? Christianity can exist in any kind of governmental or social structure and his business is not with that structure but with the soul. To which I answer, Lift up your eyes and look at the world. It may be that Christianity can manage to survive under any kind of government but there are some places where it is having a desperate time today. I am thankful that my lot as a Christian minister was cast in a democracy and not in Russia, in a democracy and not under Hitler or Mussolini, and my reason for this is not simply the tradition of liberty associated with the democratic spirit but that, at their very heart, Christianity and democracy have a kindred attitude toward people. In Christianity the least man matters, even the Prodigal, even blind Bartimæus with his handicaps and a child with his helplessness. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me"—that is the essence of Christianity. And in democracy the proudest things we have to show are of the same kind—Lincoln, for example, starting on the frontier so uncouth that even his father said he was roughhewn with an ax and needed smoothing with a jack-plane, and ending, as he sits today, in the Memorial at Washington.

Harvard University is about to celebrate its three hundredth anniversary. My friend, a professor there, tells me that a few years ago he witnessed the most moving sight he had ever seen at Harvard, a brilliant youth graduating at the head of his class, whose father was a foreign-born day laborer in the mines at Scranton at five dollars a day. Indeed, how many of us are there here who, though tempted at times to be discouraged and perhaps cynical about democracy, know, when we stop to think of it, that we would not be here

at all if there had not been in this nation enough democracy to give us and our families a chance?

What we are driving at in particular now, however, goes deeper. To expect for ourselves the privilege of an open door and be grateful for such democratic opportunity is one thing; to make the gospel of the open door socially, politically, educationally, economically real to all the children of the people so that, far from seeing equality of opportunity grow less, they see it grow greater—that is another thing. The first is a personal grasping of privilege; the second is personal devotion to a cause, a determination that by God's grace in this land we will make democracy really work.

Here is our vital rivalry with communism. We say, Lincoln started in poverty and became a great leader. They say, So did Stalin. We say, Democracy means liberty, fraternity, equality, and open doors before all the children of the people. They say, You talk about it but we are actually building a classless society, where special privilege has been done away and such industrial democracy and equality of opportunity are found as never have been seen on earth before. Mark it! That rivalry cannot be settled by abuse or repression or silly futilities like trying to make thousands of our faithful teachers take an oath of loyalty to the Constitution. The occasion, my friends, is far too serious for such trivialities. That rivalry will be settled only in the field of social practise. By their fruits mankind will judge the difference between democracy and communism. Of all people, therefore, who ought to take communism seriously, the foremost are we, the lovers of democracy, and to take it seriously can, I think, mean only one thing—a rebirth of national consciousness about our aim, and recovery of our spiritual purpose, a rededication of ourselves to make democracy work.

It was not an agitator, it was the president of the American Medical Association who said, a year ago, "Something like twenty million American people are living near or below the threshold of nutritive safety"—that is, they either have not enough to eat or the right things to eat to keep them well—twenty million! Or listen to this: "It is impossible to have democracy in politics and religion, and autocracy in business. It is impossible to invite all able-bodied men to share in choosing mayors and governors and senators, and give them no voice in determining the conditions and rules under which they labor eight or ten hours a day. Universal suffrage is logically and inevitably followed by some form of representation in industrial councils." Did a radical say that? No, a minister of this church a generation ago said that—Dr. Faunce. What he said has become dangerously true now, that we never can have a successful political democracy without in some form having an economic and industrial democracy. So all unfair privilege, all class conflict, all cruel contrasts between luxury and want, all social organization that puts profit above personality and money above manhood, are failures of democracy. Then communism rises in protest. Then dictatorships lift up their ugly heads. Then cynicism about what America stands for attacks Americans themselves and what in this country we took for granted, celebrated with flags and bands on patriotic holidays, falls into peril. No war to make the world safe for it will help—only making democracy real here.

In this land we might have a reborn patriotism of the kind that matters, and I think it would say this: Granted that this is a new age with new circumstances and new problems calling for new solutions, but still America does not need a new aim. She needs a recovery of an old one, an old, high, spiritual aim which once was hers and to which by tradition and history she is irrevocably committed—real democracy, political, social, economic. If such a rebirth of patriotism should come, it would be costly. Has not great patriotism always cost? It would mean social change, surrendered privilege, increased equality, the testing of all that is done by its effect on people. I challenge my conscience and yours with this: How much do we want democracy?

In the third place, do we want it enough to try in earnest to make of this nation a real community? For look at this people now. It seems a crowd and not a community. Diverse races, alien languages, sectional divergencies, sectional conflict—what a crowd! But a democracy is not a crowd; it is a community. Indeed, the essence of democracy is to have a whole people say and feel, Our country. Autocracy says, My country. "The state—it is I," said Louis XIV. But democracy says, Our country, and that is a spiritual phenomenon. So in a household where old patriarchal dominance still holds, the father says, My family, but the loveliest thing in the world is a home where the parents and all the children say and feel together, Our family. That is a spiritual phenomenon. So, too, when it is right, democracy is of the spirit.

Speaking as one who cares deeply about this, I have been critical about our failures in it and yet I venture that democracy at its worst is superior to dictatorship at its best. For example, the only place in the world today where minorities have the slightest chance of getting justice is in a democracy. That is where communism and Fascism will come a cropper yet. They are annihilating or suppressing their minorities, and the best hope of the future always lies in a people's minorities.

If some one then says again, Why have you brought a discourse like this into the pulpit on a Sunday? I say, A week ago in Germany Pastor Jacobi, under dire threats of suppression from the Nazis, flanked by courageous fellow pastors protestant against the domination of church by the state, went into his pulpit and preached a ringing sermon on the text, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" So Christianity may succeed in surviving in a dictatorship—but barely. For Christianity at its best must always be a minority out ahead, pioneering for things not yet fully realized or seen, and the only place on earth where minorities have a healthy chance is a democracy.

The rootage of this congregation, as you know, goes historically back into the great tradition of Roger Williams. Three centuries ago he was exiled from Massachusetts because he believed in absolute religious liberty and in the withdrawal of the hand of the state from the conscience of the free man. The other day, we are told, the legislature of Massachusetts voted to celebrate the tercentenary by revoking the edict of banishment. It was a tardy but generous gesture of recognition that long since Roger Williams had won. And he won because a real democracy wants all the people, including the minorities, beneath their differences and despite the ascendency of the majority, to say, Our country.

Now, in this land we have presented ourselves in this regard with a heavy task. Our fathers little guessed the difficulty they would put on us when they brought the first slaves from Africa. We were too optimistic in those free and easy days when we opened wide our gates to a flood of sudden immigration, almost overnight making ourselves a salmagundi and potpourri of conflicting racial traditions and ideals. We have been so absorbed in the physical conquest of the continent and the amassing of material wealth that we have been too careless about social injustice that lies like powder now waiting for a match. And among us, as everywhere, there are reactionary groups so impatient of change that they have turned even in this land to violent repressions of minorities, the news of which is ominous. Undoubtedly we face here a difficult problem in making of this country a community.

Nevertheless, I ask you to note this. We have been through six hard years in this land. All our social injustices have been incalculably accentuated; the destitution, the thwarting of ambition, the frustrated hopes of the young and the disillusioned hopelessness of the aged, have been terrific. Nevertheless, do the people of this country want revolution? They do not. Even yet the communists among us are but a handful. The typical brand of American socialism is still stoutly for orderly democratic procedure against bloody class war. And as for the great mass of our people, incredibly patient, so it seems to me, they do not want revolution. They want democracy, more liberty, more fraternity, more equality of opportunity. They want, in a word, what we always said we stood for but too commonly, in our national haste to be rich, have forgotten. With all our difficulties and despairs, touch this people deeply and we are saying still, Our country.

You know, we could have a rebirth of spirit in this land that would make of us a real community.

Finally, do we want this enough to give our personal loyalty to it? For this task we are speaking of is not far off among the stars; it is part of the common affairs of every day. For every time we touch the education of a child, or the building of a home, or a person of another race or color, or a business problem, or a civic cause, we touch the very stuff of democracy. I call your consciences to witness that all too commonly we have thought of democracy as a privilege to be claimed and not a duty to be done.

Indeed, I have wondered if there might not be here this morning an Englishman, hearing an American talk about representative government as a peculiarly American responsibility, and thinking, Has the preacher forgotten those old heroic days in England when my fathers sacrificed for a government of the people? To whom I would say, Far from it; we have not forgotten. We know that our own Revolutionary War was a conflict waged on this side of the water by liberal Englishmen against a reactionary king and that today Britain and France and the United States are the three best hopes of a democratic future. We have not even forgotten the details of your struggle for popular government—that day, for example, when the House of Commons was making one of its first great stands and Charles I, determined to crush a resistant minority, came in person to the House, stationed his guards at the door, advanced to the rostrum, and, naming

(Continued on page 167)

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal Spirit, from Whom we come, to Whom we belong, and in Whose service is our peace, we worship Thee. From the turmoil of the world we would step aside into the peace of God that passeth all understanding, which the world cannot give and cannot take away.

Take from us the disordered clutter of our spirits that the fountains of living water may rise again into life eternal. Teach our eyes, that have been obsessed with the ugliness of life, to see once more the possibilities of beauty. Recenter our hearts in the Eternal. Lead us up from the lowlands to the altitudes, and for the guerdon and reward of our worship may we have widened horizons and steadied faith when we go down to face the wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

We bring Thee, for our sacrifice of worship, our thanksgiving. Make it more genuine and real. Teach us to meditate upon those things which, remembered and appreciated, dignify, deepen, and glorify life. Whatsoever things are honest and pure, just, excellent, and of a good report, may we think upon with gratitude. For sunshine and beauty, great books and great music, the inspirations that have deepened and hallowed our lives, the sacrifices of the past on which we are pensioners, and the best heritage of our race, which has cost other blood and tears than our own, O God, make us thankful.

We pray Thee especially for those who are discouraged, cast down by evil circumstance, humiliated by moral failure, disheartened by the sorry estate of man's public life. Lift us up, we pray Thee, out of the morass of our pessimism. Give us solid ground for courage. Widen the margin of reserves around our need. Gird us with the spirit of our sires who in other days bravely stood their ground and trusted what God might do with a minority.

We pray Thee for those who are not discouraged, for those who do not care enough to be disheartened, for the meanly optimistic, for the overly content. Arouse such to see upon what sorry days man has fallen. Deepen our care. Enlarge our love. Make the possibilities stand in such sharp contrast with the actualities that we may become impatient. Let those who are too impatient be girded with steadiness and those who are too patient be aroused to energy.

Especially we pray Thee for those who today are living under the burden of some special sorrow too great for them to bear, watching at the bedside of the sick, concerned for a wayward child, facing, it may be, the news of their own earthly end, beaten, it may be, by some victorious sin. O God, let not this service of worship in Thy sanctuary be in vain for such. Through its formalities, past the routine of its outward worship, Spirit of the living God, come into some such soul and bring triumph and power and peace. In the spirit of Christ. Amen.

Music in the Flowery Kingdom

By Everett M. Stowe

In the early dusk of an evening in late January, 1936, three Chinese students who were approaching the main entrance of International House were observed to stop suddenly. One, in some amazement, turned his two companions toward Riverside Church across the way. From the bells of its tower was coming a tune probably never before played on any carillon. It was a folk tune which millions of citizens of the Flowery Kingdom would have recognized as one of the many such melodies which have been sung into the consciousness of successive generations in China. Back of the playing of this tune and of the others which made up the hour's carillon concert on that day is an interesting history.

The immediate occasion of the concert, which, incidentally, came on the first day of the Chinese New Year 4640, was the referring to the carillonneur of three of the Chinese folk tunes which have been made part of the growing hymnody of the Chinese church. The person who has led in collecting and adapting folk melodies for this purpose is Professor Bliss Wiant of Yenching University, Peiping. On receiving these three tunes Mr. Lefévere asked for additional ones in order that he might make up a complete hour's concert and play it in commemoration of Chinese New Year for the many Chinese students resident on the Hill.

Before describing further this unique service of enabling the growing Christian fellowship in China to sing hymns in its own distinctive musical idiom, something should be said about the place of music among the Chinese. They are popularly supposed not to be a musical people. How untrue this is is indicated in the music window of Riverside Church. The research that led to the design of this window (second from the front on the right side of the chancel) revealed that the jade *ch'ing* of ancient China is the earliest known musical instrument and it is depicted in the window as the first in the long development of musical art. That music was an essential part of the education and life in the China of long ago is manifested in the instruction given by the Emperor Shun when he appointed Kwei as director of music of the empire in 2255 B. C. He enjoined him to teach youth so that

> "the straight-forward may yet be mild, the gentle may yet be dignified, the strong not tyrannical and the impetuous not arrogant."

The same emperor composed the tune *Ta Shao* which so affected Confucius when he heard it nearly two millennia later that, he says, "for three months I ate no meat."

With support of such impressive tradition and of the teaching of the sages, music in China became and for long centuries remained essential to court ritual and to the accomplishments of anyone who would be a scholar. With the passing of the old order much of the classical music has fallen into disuse. But still there is no dearth of music. The event of death calls for the chanting of sutras and the dirge played for the funeral procession. Weddings without music would be unthinkable. The commoner events of life also are accom-

靈 修 歌

LING HSIU KE

MY FAITH IN THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN

SONG OF THE YANGTZE BOATMAN

T. C. Chao, 1931 — Chinese Folksong

Unison
我 心 所 相 信, 被 殺 的 羔 羊, 十 字 架
Wo hsin so hsiang hsin, Pei sha ti Kao Yang, Shih tzu chia
Deep - ly I be - lieve That the Lamb was slain. He on the
上 流 血, 愛 心 廣 無 量. (阿 們.)
shang liu hsueh, Ai hsin kuang wu liang. (A - men.)
cross bled as love sub - du - ed pain.

panied by music. The shopkeeper auctions his wares to a chant. Snatches of operatic airs are heard even from those who live by "selling their muscles." The junks that come in with the tide do so to a litany of labor: the creak of the oars is responded to by the rhythmic cadences of age-old chansons. The very language itself is based upon musical tones. Let no one suppose China has no musical heritage.

An important part of this heritage is the unnumbered quantity of folk tunes. Beginnings have only recently been made at recording these. The service which Professor Wiant is rendering is not only recording but also adapting such melodies for carrying a new message, one of joyful Good News. A few years ago he collaborated with a colleague, Professor T. C. Chao, in producing "Hymns for the Masses," the music of which was drawn exclusively from folk melodies. A short time ago a new union hymnal came from the press in China; it will in large measure be the common hymnal of the Christian church in China. For it Professor Wiant secured fifty traditional or original folk tunes, harmonized without loss of the distinctive quality of such music. One has only to hear a country congregation singing hymns to this, their own music, to realize that the influence of such a contribution to the growing church will be immeasurable.

This contribution to the future of music in China is but one-half the story, however. The other is interpreting, especially to students, the treasures

of Western music. It is probably just to say that the West has perfected this further than any other of the arts. Some of the highest forms of this high art are the fruit of religious aspiration. The choirs of Yenching University have, in addition to being taught deeper appreciation for their own music, learned to appreciate and sing works such as Haydn's *Creation,* Brahms' *Requiem,* Bach's *Ascension,* and Händel's *The Messiah.*

It would not be fair to give the impression that musical contributions to the remaking of a culture are restricted to the old Northern capital. In Foochow, a city in South China, there is an Easter Choral Choir that has a history of over thirty-five years. Each year one hundred fifty of the best singers are chosen from the student bodies of colleges and high schools of that city and are trained to sing works such as *Penitence, Pardon and Peace, The Crucifixion,* and the like. Three years ago this chorus was for the first time conducted by a Chinese when Mr. Chou Ting Chieh, a pupil of Mrs. Roderick Scott of Fukien Christian University, handled the baton. These Easter concerts have to be given in two parts of the city to accommodate the crowds that have learned to anticipate this musical event. An even larger audience was reached last Christmas when the Christmas Choral Choir, consisting of seventy voices from Hua Nan College and Fukien Christian University, broadcast their program of Christmas carols from the local government radio station in Foochow.

One further fact concerning musical development in this city is worthy of note. When Marco Polo sailed down the Min River on his homeward journey from Cathay he doubtless heard the sailors lifting their sails to the same chanteys their descendants now sing. But this was one thing he apparently failed to record. That service has now been performed. Professor Malcolm Farley has made a hobby of setting down in notation every one of these he has heard, day or night, during the years he has lived in China and these boat songs are now permanently recorded before the age of steam has caused them entirely to disappear.

What will be the future of Chinese "sound-pleasure" as the Chinese term their music, is not certain in this time when all old traditions are being subjected to critical scrutiny. This one thing can be said with assurance: the beauty of tunes such as those sent forth from the Riverside Church tower on the occasion described above deserve to live. And no more certain immortality is possible than by making them, as the new hymnody is doing, the vehicle of a deathless message.

▽ ▽ ▽

What Next?

By Grace H. Patton

Did you ever feel like a gargoyle? I did, on a certain day during April of this year of our Lord, 1936. But I was an interior decoration, not an exterior one. Perched high up in the tower of Riverside Church, I sat on the spiral iron stairway of the carillon chamber, cold air beneath me, high winds above me, and my hat in imminent danger of being blown out of my reach. The sun shone brightly, and the sky was a clear blue. The noise of traffic, far below on the street, came up muffled and not unpleasant; and the view, in such crystal-clear atmosphere, was really superb. "Not such a bad life," I thought, "to be a church gargoyle. It has its rewards."

But that was not the chief thing I was thinking. I was saying to myself, "What next will this church be lending a hand to?" Then, as corollary to that, "What has man wrought!" I was not forgetting the correct wording of that oft-quoted exclamation—(and I acknowledged that God was back of it all)—but, this time, I wanted *man* to have his deserved consideration.

For the wonders of what man has wrought were all around me. The great carillon bells hung there suspended nearly 400 feet above the ground, 200,000 pounds of bell metal swinging in mid-air. The great twenty-ton Bourdon, the largest tuned bell in the world, was my close and awe-inspiring neighbor. The whole carillon's marvelous, complicated machinery formed an iron and steel network above me, below me, and far out of my sight. Up at the carillon clavier sat Mr. Lefévere, ready at a given signal to set in motion the big, booming sounds which, on a clear day like that, would be heard for miles around. And on this special day (and therein lay the real thrill of the occasion) the carillon was sending forth sounds which, eventually, would be heard across the nation, and, very likely, in far parts of the earth.

For the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people were making a record of the carillon for their forthcoming picture, "Romeo and Juliet." The musical director had scoured museums for the ancient musical instruments of that day—the lute, viola di gamba, virginal, rebec and lyre—and had come to the Riverside bells for their contribution. Far down on the street below stood the enclosed sound truck where the music would be recorded. Far up in the tower were expert mechanics and electricians seeing that every requirement was met for a perfect production. Men had been working more than two hours installing the apparatus. The heavy microphone cables had to be brought to one of the openings far up in the tower, then carried down many flights of stairs, then out again to the receiving truck. A baffle-board had been placed against the wall half-way down, and now everything was in readiness.

Men were stationed at intervals in the tower and carillon chamber. Suddenly a loud voice from the top called down, "All ready! Close the doors. Let nobody up." This message was relayed from man to man until it reached the one farthest down. All was silent a moment. Then the great notes began.

I sat quite motionless. I hardly dared breathe. Suppose I should let out a sneeze that would be recorded in Hollywood! Suppose I should emit a cough that would disturb the fair Juliet! I sat like a real gargoyle, turned into stone. (I found out afterward that I need not have been so petrified. Any little sound I might have made would not have been noticed. However, all that just added to the thrill!)

There were about twenty minutes of music for more than three hours of work—for the mechanism would all have to be taken down after the recording was over. The performance itself was most interesting. At first there was merely a chime-like sounding of the different bells. Then Mr. Lefévere made his own improvisation for background music in certain parts of the play. The huge hammers came down on the resounding metal like the tips of elongated giant fingers summoning Gargantuan music. The bigger bells boomed about me; the smaller bells tripped and tinkled. The various pieces of mechanism, moving first in one section, then in another—all manipulated by an unseen hand—made one almost fancy the presence of some mammoth iron robot. And what music he managed to make! It did not seem to last long, but it was mighty while it lasted.

Afterward, I climbed carefully down the stairs and out of the carillon chamber. I was back in the world of usual things. It had been an interesting experience, and gave one much to think about. It tied up the centuries, linking the sixteenth with the twentieth, and William Shakespeare with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I wondered, "Is the bard of old England in some place where he can know what is being done to his masterpiece? If so, he must be getting some surprises."

By the time I make this little experience known to others, "Romeo and Juliet" will be playing before America's critical millions. Will they like it? For it is said that on the success of this picture depends the fate of Shakespearian dramas on the screen. As newspaper parlance puts it, "If Romeo doesn't do a pretty good job of pinch-hitting, the old poet of Avon may as well trot to the showers and turn in his doublet and hose."

Let's hope that he won't! At any rate, one unknown auditor had a most interesting time listening to the broadcast of part of the music for his masterpiece, and will look forward to seeing the finished product, as will other Riverside people who take pride in their much-talked-of bells.

After this aerial adventure I was more impressed than ever with the wonder of the radio, the moving picture, and the marvels of man's making. "Well, well," I concluded, "it's a great world after all! In spite of wars and worries, depressions and disillusionments, taxations, and Presidential elections—in a world where such interesting things can happen, it's good to be alive."

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"Tower Talk"

Publication of the Business and Professional Women's Club

THERE has just come to the desk of the Editor of THE CHURCH MONTHLY the current issue of *Tower Talk*. This is the modest news sheet published each month by the Business and Professional Women's Club of The Riverside Church. It is frankly a news bulletin exclusively in the interest of the members and has no circulation outside their own list. It is so intimate and personal that it does not even carry a line to indicate who the editor is or where she can be reached. It is obvious that the matter is prepared for a group whose associations are so close and cordial that no such details need to be given any thought, much less any space.

Because this particular issue of *Tower Talk* gives such a comprehensive and at the same time intimate account of the Club's activities we are publishing here the reports of officers and committees which appeared in the May number.

Women coming into the church often ask us what interests or activities are open to such as they. Well, here is one activity open to a special group, namely, business and professional women. Others make their appeal along different lines. Regular readers of THE CHURCH MONTHLY will find in our columns other accounts of other doors in The Riverside Church that are open to women, but right now we invite you to visualize the year's activities of the Business and Professional Women's Club as revealed in the following reports.

THE CLUB REPORTER

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

The fiscal year for 1935-36 ended on April 30th, and what a year of progress it has been. Just read the reports for yourself:

CORRESPONDENCE — The Corresponding Secretary has written 68 letters to welcome new members and to greet one former member who was reinstated. Seven members resigned from the Club. Letters were written accepting the resignations after they were voted by the Executive Committee. Notices of the Executive Committee meetings were sent at the request of the President. Eight letters were written to cover miscellaneous items.

FRANCES M. MINER,
Corresponding Secretary.

FLOWERS AND TABLES—By the end of the year decorations will have been provided for thirteen meetings. Twelve were Club dinners, parties, and teas, and the thirteenth was the Church Night Dinner on April 8th. Crêpe paper and cellophane decorations made by the committee were used on six occasions by the Club, and were borrowed by other groups in the Church. When flowers were used, they were given to those responsible for the program, to the guests of the Club, and to Club members who were ill.

KATHARINE C. ASHMAN,
Chairman.

NINE O'CLOCK PARTIES—Four evening parties have been given by the committee with the clever assistance of the Swimming, Tennis and Hiking Groups. There was much jollity at the Hallowe'en Party when 51 members attended. Good fellowship has characterized them all.

MARION JOHNSON,
Chairman.

DINNERS AND REFRESHMENTS—Not only "When do we eat?" but "What shall we eat?" has been the ever-present problem confronting the Committee of ONE on Dinners and Refreshments during the Club year, 1935-1936. The apparent satisfaction of the 150

or more diners each Club night has evidenced the worth-while efforts of the good-natured Chef, Mr. Elspas. Refreshments have been planned for such special occasions as International Night, the Birthday Party in January, and the reception to new officers in May. Tea, high or low, has been served for the Fall Conference and Reception to New Members, and at two enlarged meetings of the Executive Committee, special "eats" have been provided.

ESTELLE KELSEY,
Chairman.

SERVICE—In considering Service as one of our chief aims this year we have found new channels of expression for our desire to help in the work of the Church. Serving merely as an indicator of urgent needs, our Service Committee has at all times met with a whole-hearted and inspiring response from the members of the Club. Cooperating with the Community Service Committee, of which Mrs. J. A. Fitch is Chairman, we have made direct contact with the following organizations in the community:

Manhattanville Day Nursery
New York Diet Kitchen
The Henry Street Settlement Visiting Nurse Service
The Sheltering Arms
Union Neighborhood Center

A contribution of $25 to each of these organizations has helped them at times when the demands upon them were heaviest. In addition, some of the organizations were supplied with new and used clothing, books and magazines. Our Christmas wishes took the following forms:

81 stockings filled for Sheltering Arms
Toys and candy sent to Union Neighborhood House and New York Diet Kitchen
A gracious story-teller for Union Neighborhood Center
A money contribution to the Social Service Committee of the Church.

RUTH E. SALLEY,
Chairman.

LITERATURE TABLE—Members of the Club have probably read in the *Church Calendar* that "Books by Dr. Fosdick, selected sermons in pamphlet form, and current and back numbers of the CHURCH MONTHLY may be procured from the Literature Table at the close of the morning service." Picture post cards, the Handbook, and other "souvenirs" of our well-known church are available. The Sunday sales of literature during the past fiscal year amounted to $1,036.36. Twenty of our Club members participated in this service, and were very happy in doing it.

MARTHA BARRETT,
Chairman.

SUNDAY LUNCHEONS—Between May 5, 1935, and April 19, 1936, Sunday Luncheons have had a total attendance of 1023, an average of 20 per Sunday. Fifty-one Club members have shared the privilege of entertaining 816 guests, about one-quarter of whom belong to our own church family. Figures cannot express the appreciation of strangers for this reception.

MIRIAM OLMSTEAD LIPMAN,
Chairman.

MEMBERSHIP—During this year 56 women have been admitted into active membership in the Club. These include 16 engaged in administrative or personnel work, 14 secretaries, 13 teachers, 3 social workers, 2 bacteriologists, 2 architects, a radio artist, a designer, a bank translator, and 3 other professional women. Your committee has tried to get somewhat acquainted with all of them at Club dinners, and sincerely hopes they will enjoy the Club and also contribute to its success.

MILDRED POWELL,
Chairman.

HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE—Has provided hostesses for 168 tables at the six Monday night Club Dinners, and at the Church Night Dinner, April 8th, which was sponsored by the Club. 140 members of the Club served as hostesses. Of this number, several members have served more than once, and 35 were members who have come into the Club within the past year. Many of the hostesses at the Sixth Anniversary Dinner were charter members.

ERNA Z. LUETSCHER,
Chairman.

RIVERSIDE LODGE—Now rounding out its second year, has steadily gained new friends as well as holding the interest of old ones.

From May until October, 296 people had visited the Lodge; of this number 114 stayed over night, or a week-end, and some spent their vacation or a part of it at the Lodge.

Financially, the Lodge has been successful, as the income from rentals has covered all operating expenses. There are 379 registrations in the guest book—a gain of 53 over the first year, and a total of 705 over the period of 2 years. Of this number 291 persons have spent one or more nights at the Lodge.

MARJORIE R. BROWN,
Chairman.

INTEREST GROUPS

BOOKS—A lively interest on the part of Club members in cultural subjects is shown by the large attendance at meetings of the Book Group during the past year. Books from many fields of literature have been reviewed before audiences that, on dinner meeting nights, numbered on the average of 50. Speakers, for the most part, were secured from the membership of the Club, and on one occasion various persons of the Group read a play. Meetings on the fourth Mondays have been smaller and more in the nature of discussion groups.

The circulating library was inaugurated this year. Twenty books were purchased by the Club and rented at 25 cents for two weeks. Except for the last few weeks of the Club year, they have been in almost constant circulation. The following figures are interesting:

Number of times books have been borrowed 157
Total cost of books $31.69
(This has been refunded to the Club Treasury)
Total rental fees received over and above cost of books $8.48

MILDRED ADAMS,
Chairman.

MUSIC—Under the very able leadership of Miss Roxine Beard, the Music Appreciation and Choral Groups have enjoyed an interesting and profitable year.

The first-named group met following each Club dinner and listened to talks illustrated with phonograph records by Miss Beard on the subjects "The Symphony Orchestra," "Christmas Carols and Their Origin," Richard Wagner's "Parsifal" (2), and on two occasions the group joined in community singing.

The Choral Group met on alternate Tuesday evenings. It made one appearance before the Club in a program of Christmas Carols, arranged by Miss Beard, depicting the entire legend of the nativity.

Subscription tickets for Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra concerts, Metropolitan Opera (2 sets) and Town Hall Endowment Concert Series were purchased by the Club through the Music Chairman and sold in turn to Club members.

MARGUERITE J. SMITH,
Chairman.

WORLD AFFAIRS—During the year 1935-1936 the Club has sponsored an interest group on World Affairs, under the very able leadership of Miss Elizabeth Young. The group has met on the evenings of the Club's monthly dinners and has had an attendance of about 50. The discussion has concerned the Italo-Ethiopian conflict, the foreign policy of the United States, especially neutrality, the League of Nations, the problem of the Locarno Treaty and Franco-German relations and other questions of world-wide interest.

Members of the World Affairs Group presented a pantomime tableau at the January meeting of the Club, representing people from different nations in their native costumes.

In coöperation with the Foreign Student Committee of the Church, the Club had its annual "International Night" in November to which 25 foreign women students came; 6 of them spoke, each about some phase of women's life and work in her native land.

The Club was delighted to have Miss Elizabeth Young go as its delegate to the Conference on the "Cause and Cure of War" in Washington.

KATHERINE REEVE,
Chairman.

RHYTHMIC GYMNASTICS—Miss Mallory reports that much enthusiasm has been displayed and the attendance is very good at the Monday evening gym classes. There were 61 enrolled in the Fall class and 39 enrolled in the Spring class. I should like to particularly express my thanks to Miss Fay, in charge of the locker keys, who so very ably undertook the duty I was forced to neglect.

FLORENCE V. ECKHOFF,
Registrar.

BOWLING—The bowling alleys have been open every Monday evening from October 7th through April 20th, with the exception of five evenings. There have been 24 sessions and a total of 682 games rolled, making an average of 28 games.

On March 23rd a "contest" was held with the team from The National City Bank.

Mrs. Louise Brydie and Miss Aline Sanborn have been very helpful in assisting at various times.

RUTH M. FENSOM,
Chairman.

PING PONG—Ping Pong has been a popular game on Monday nights. A group of ten or twelve people has been the average attendance of an evening, and the ping of the ball could always be heard from 8:00 to 10:00 P.M.

BEATRICE E. WACHTER,
Chairman.

TENNIS—About 15 girls, not all of them members of the Club, formed the tennis group which met in the church gymnasium on Monday evenings for tennis instruction. There was an average attendance of 4 to 6.

During the year, the tennis group added to its activities indoor tennis on the courts of the Armory on West Fourteenth Street. Eighteen players took advantage of this opportunity for indoor games.

In all, 26 people engaged in the tennis program. The sponsoring of the Club of the new indoor tennis activity was an investment well worth-while.

ELIZABETH JOST,
Chairman.

HIKING—On completion of the present schedule on June 13, the Hiking Group will have met on 14 Saturday afternoons. Most of these afternoons have been spent out of doors, with 4 "indoor trips" to places of interest during the winter months. Attendance on these hikes has ranged from 4 to 30 persons—average attendance 15.

Early in the Fall the Hiking Group was able to contribute a small amount to the Service Fund by sponsoring trips to a broadcasting station, and a small sum was also raised through an evening of bridge at the home of one of our Club members.

GRACE M. MOULTON,
Chairman.

SWIMMING—After investigating various pools in the city, the committee decided on the Mary Beaton pool at The Barbizon, 63rd Street and Lexington Avenue. Three hundred ten tickets were sold during the first week. The tickets are good at any time, and there is no specified date of expiration.

Thursday, 5:30 to 6:30, was the hour for swimming. The number varied from 2 to 22 in the pool at one time. One member of the group, a Red Cross examiner, coached in strokes and diving, so that everyone had an opportunity to learn to swim and improve strokes.

LAURA VOSSLER,
Chairman.

OUTSIDE ORGANIZATIONS

RED CROSS—On Sunday, November 10, 1935, $202.50 was collected and credit given to the Church.

MARTHA M. HENNEBERGER,
Representative.

NEEDLEWORK GUILD—The Club takes great pride in being part of the Needlework Guild of America, Inc., which collects and distributes new garments to the needy in hospitals, homes and other charities. The annual contribution of two or more new articles of wearing apparel or household linen or a donation of money constitutes membership in this splendid organization. The report of our unit for 1935 is as follows: 13 new members added, making 41 members contributing 126 garments, plus $2.00 in money.

In the entire Riverside Unit there were 426 members contributing 2391 garments plus $25 in money.

EDITH MILTON and MARY E. WILSON,
Representatives.

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS—It is a privilege to represent the Business and Professional Women's Club on the International Committee of The Riverside Church. Under Mrs. Edward M. Foote's leadership there is no opportunity lost for the induction of international point of view and constructive thinking on international questions to the whole complex organization.

Our own Club has shown up well among the other groups in its consistent program of regular study on international problems under Miss Young's skilled leadership, its delegate to the Annual Cause and Cure of War Conference, and its many social opportunities for increasing international acquaintance and understanding.

ELMINA R. LUCKE,
Representative.

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AN APPRECIATION

May we extend our deep appreciation to Mr. William Gorham Rice, author of most delightful books on Carillon Art and Singing Towers, for his great courtesy in letting us make use of his beautiful cuts to illustrate the articles on Carillons throughout the world, which have appeared from time to time in THE CHURCH MONTHLY since January, 1934.

An enlarged and revised edition of Mr. Rice's latest book will appear this coming October.

SERMON

(*Continued from page 156*)

the members whom he desired to arrest, said to the Speaker, "Mr. Speaker, do you espy these persons in the House?" We have not forgotten what the Speaker, with due formality falling on one knee, said to the king, "Your Majesty, I am the Speaker of this House, and, being such, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak save as this House shall command; and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon if this is the only answer that I can give to your Majesty." We have not forgotten the old heroic days in England when democracy was a sacrificial cause. So was it in our heroic days as well and so must it be again unless we, craven children of great sires, are willing to see it lost.

PRAYER

Eternal God our Father, help us to lift patriotism out of the low estate to which it has fallen and make of it once more a high and spiritual devotion to a cause. God bless this people and make of us worthy instruments for Thy Kingdom. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on February 23, 1936.

HAWK VS. PIGEON

NOTE: This letter from Mr. Hewson Swift, a member of the Junior High School Boys' Club, was inspired by the publicity given to the depredations of a bird of prey that has been killing pigeons around the tower of The Riverside Church for the past four or five years.

To call the marauding Hawk that has been causing the congregation so much consternation a Pigeon Hawk because of its diet of Pigeons is a paradox indeed. *Falco columbarius* is so called because of its resemblance in flight to the once numerous Passenger Pigeon, and only occasionally will it eat such fare. The bird upon which has been lavished so much homicidal intent is rather the Duck Hawk—*Falco peregrinus anatum*—the New World representative of the Peregrine Falcons, famous from the days of chivalry, when Falconry was a sport of kings. He is a rare and beautiful bird, and by no means to be slaughtered.

There are a few places in America where Duck Hawks have become adapted to city living, and one of these places is New York. For many years the Audubon Society has been protecting the members of this species that come to City Square down town, to feast upon, as here, the domestic Pigeons, which certainly are numerous enough anywhere within city limits. Washington, D. C., likewise boasts of a winter resident that comes every year to the old Post Office Department tower, and Duck Hawks have also been reported in a few other large cities.

Mainly because of egg collectors the Duck Hawk is waging a battle for existence. And because of rubbish in the city streets, to say nothing of countless pigeon yards upon the rooftops—the domestic Pigeon seems to be thriving. To kill the American Peregrine, bravest and strongest of birds on the North American Continent, for the sake of a few sentimental feelings toward a captured pigeon, would be nothing short of insanity. Chapman has called him the swiftest bird on the wing, and Brasher has deemed him king of the bird world for bravery and courage.

And so, next time the visiting Duck Hawk circles around the tower, with his quick wing beat and his spectacular flight, look at him carefully, you will probably never see another.

HEWSON SWIFT.

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THE NEXT STEP

The Riverside Church, functioning through the Board of Deacons, in which responsibility for the direction of the benevolences of the church rests, proposes to make the whole area of benevolences the concern of the entire congregation. To this end three special committees have been appointed by the Board which together constitute a general committee and which in their specific fields function, respectively, as an Administrative Committee which makes final recommendations to the Deacons as to projects approved and amounts allocated; as a Research Committee which acquaints the Administrative Committee with the pertinent facts concerning projects under consideration; and an Information Committee which is charged with the challenging privilege of making the projects which are approved matters in which the church as a whole will become intelligently coöperative.

In this direction lies the next great opportunity. In large measure our future effectiveness is going to be determined by the spirit with which the church rises to this effort.

In this situation there looms a practical and inescapable test of the disposition and capacity of a congregation which has so many new elements in it to gird itself for the years ahead with deep and continuing dedication to the Christian implications of its favored place as a congregation and of its resources of leadership, intelligence, and money. The test will depend not so much upon how the committees may do their work as upon how the people at large will rise to the calls that are made. Here is The Riverside Church of tomorrow in the making.

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by

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